

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Terror"

(feat. Demoz)

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Y'all motherfuckers woke a demon up  
The bullets splatter through your spleen and guts  
The whole clique ducking they PO  
They need to pee in cups  
We murder shit like everything the Europeans touched  
I don't even talk to motherfuckers, that could lead to trust  
We on our din, Devils only deal with greed and lust  
Beat an elephant with bare hands and take his bleeding tusk  
Anytime you hear a cop was murdered, best believe it's us  
Jus Allah load the Glock, put em in the weeds and dust  
I ain't I sucker, I was born with Herculean nuts  
Strangle snakes, dangle grapes, fed by European sluts  
Y'all know where to come to when you need the fucking trees and dust  
Ayo D, [?] I need to feed these fucks  
I got the power to devour trees, seas and such  
I got the power that's the caliber of Jesus touch  
It don't matter the caliber, I proceed to rush  
Vinnie on a whole nother algebra than the Greeks could touch

*[Demoz:]*

Let me tell you a little something bout a nigga named Moz  
Look in his eye, you could see the evil if you high  
You could notice a little nigga that's eager for the sky  
Behind bars scarred like Jesus when he died (when he died)  
Nigga I was in the hole for a whole six months getting high  
Off the reefer thinking, "Why?"  
I'm with the roaches and rats hopeless and flatline  
[?] and the hole in the crack  
Nigga I was in the hole, trying getting my back  
Niggas snitching and CEO tried getting my bag  
But I don't give a fuck about a snake or a fag, or hater  
I'd rather see Adolf paid off, laugh  
This is real life, fuck getting paid off rats  
And selling my soul to the devil getting paid off rapping  
Maserati Mozzy, Pazienza clap boys, [?] step back man  
You still screaming duffle bag boys

*[Jus Allah:]*

I have lived a century, I've tapped into my 6th sensory  
I am a potential enemy  
My entire inner chemistry, every inch of me, is divinity  
Unequivocally, supremacy  
I have undesired energy  
Sins friendly, since empty  
Show the prince of peace no clemency

Give him an extremity of insensitivity  
Let his kin and ministry witness his disassembly  
I just love sufferance, I'm destructive, unproductive  
Tussid, not much substance, thug-age  
Above judgement, unaware of any error of doubt  
Where it counts, I'm a fair amount of paramount  
I embody a monopoly of ungodly  
The hobby robbed me of my common camaraderie  
My apology, arid, insincerity  
Charity, very generic, it's hilarity